

VOL. II.

RENSSELAER, (COLLEGEVILLE P. O.) IND., JUNE, 1896.

NO. 10.

THE RED, WHITE AND GREEN.

(The College Song.)

O well we know what these three mean,
The red, the white, the hopeful green,
The type of love, of purity,
With hope our sweet security.

CHORUS.

All hail, then, to our College fair;
Its honor may we ever share.
We'll cheer its colors whene'er seen,
Hurrah for our red, white and green.

Then float our colors to the breeze,
And like so many precious keys,
The memories they e'er recall
Shall be unlocked to one and all.

(CHORUS.)

Forever to their maxims true,
We'll raise our flag to fullest view;
No stain shall tarnish its bright sheen,
Hurrah for our red, white and green.

(CHORUS.)

JAMES B. FITZPATRICK.

CLASS POEM.

RELIGIO, MORALITAS, SCIENTIA.
(THE CLASS MOTTO.)

REILIGION, greatest master of the three,
The thought of Heaven framed by means divine,
Effect of an eternal God's design,
The fount of faith, of hope, of charity,
And loving seed of all prosperity,
The ever spreading, ever strength'ning vine,
O Lord, this greatest handiwork of thine
Reflects so grandly Heaven's harmony.

This golden sun that brightens up our way
Is our most trusted and inspiring guide,
That splendid light which throws its saving ray
Upon the marv'lous Tree known far and wide,
That Gospel-Tree within whose branches fair,
Though weary, we may triumph o'er des'air.



Religion, like the kingly sun of day,
Possesses as its worthy satellite
Morality, the silv'ry moon of night,
Which oft appears in her majestic way,
Reflecting but Religion's golden ray;
Tho' crowned the queen of starry virtues
bright,
She, weaker, shows each individual light,
Unlike the king whom moon and stars obey.

Then worthy queen, whose greatest happiness
Lies in the gaining of new devotees,
Extend thy hand with an assured success
To this new crew just starting on life's seas.
Preserve us from the perils of each gale,
Beneath thy standard may we ever sail.



Scientia, the bulwark of a nation,
Is Knowledge with Morality replete,
The cultured child who gambols at the feet
Of true Religion filled with inspiration.
A helpful light-house of God's own crea-
tion,
It rises o'er man's billowy retreat,
Like Britain's Eddystone, with lights that
beat
Against the hidden rocks of dire temptation.

Why then should we not promise to be
true,
When on all sides there falls transcending
light,
Presenting hourly to our clearest view
A rule by which we'll conquer in the fight?
What is there better than the crystal pure,
The classic learning which shall e'er engure?



Three members of a noble family,
Of these are many other virtues born,
Which, like the sunbeams of a summer
morn,
But plainer show what lasting unity
Exists among this chosen trinity,
A motto fearing not the hand of scorn,
Nor ever bending for an earthly thorn,
A motto grafted in eternity.

Then at Religion's source let us embark,
Sail down the stream of sound Morality
Despite the raging storms that often mark
Destruction and our own mortality;
Thence on life's ship let's navigate the sea
Of Knowledge towards our goal, eternity.

JAMES B. FITZPATRICK.



VALEDICTORY.

WE all know the powerful influence companionship and environments exert in forming the characters and moulding the dispositions of men. The knowledge of their

power has given rise to the adage "A man is known by the company he keeps." As in the material world all things are affected by a mutual attraction so also in the intellectual and spiritual. Mind influen-

ces mind and soul influences soul by such an irresistible attraction, that, willing or unwilling, we are made either better or worse by every individual with whom we come in contact.

But this influence is felt in a more than ordinary manner by youth. If associations in general are so potential, it is not surprising then, that colleges, bringing as they do all their influence to bear directly on the youth, should exert such a great sway on the minds of their students, and through them on the community. The average student enters College or school with the predominate, if sometimes indefinite idea of learning, and consequently with a mind most susceptible of receiving impressions that time itself cannot eradicate. It is not strange, then, that during these years impressions should also be made upon the affections.

The love students bear to their colleges is proverbial, and the friendships there formed are of the truest and strongest kind. Most colleges charm their students by the record of their past and bind the hearts of their pupils by the accumulated traditions of ages. They hold up to them the lives of distinguished alumni, as an incentive to attain equal distinction. But for us we have none of these things to bind us to St. Joseph's College. She has, as yet, no alumni whose illustrious names have served as beacons to guide us onward. There are no historic memories or school day experiences to relate about our College that we have not been witnesses of ourselves. We are the "Old boys" of St. Joseph's, we are her hope, to us will future students look for encouragement. Although we have never enjoyed the pleasures and felt the obligations which enter so largely into the experiences of students of older colleges, we nevertheless are bound to our *Alma Mater* by ties that

are equally strong, by memories that will live till the last member of the first graduating class has passed to the regions where the love of things celestial replaces that of the terrestrial. It is not hard to explain why we are so attached to our College, why we feel as if it were a part of ourselves. The changes, growth and improvements witnessed by us have been so rapid, numerous and constant that they long since ceased to excite surprise, while if we recall the surroundings and accommodations of St. Joseph's as we first saw it, and compare them with those of to-day it is hard for us to restrain our astonishment.

We have participated in the formation of all the different organizations of our College, athletic, literary and religious. We have seen the number of students more than double during the last four years. We have seen her slowly but surely advancing to the front rank of American colleges. While we have witnessed these things and participated in them, we nevertheless feel that not to us is the honor, for God has evidently favored us in a special way, therefore we say with the prophet of old: "Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam."

If we as yet have no past to point to, we have the most unbounded hopes for the future. Who of us would exchange the hopes we entertain of a glorious future for our *Alma Mater* for the past of any college in the land? Filled with hope and love we depart from our beloved College, to return once more to the homes of our childhood, to parents and the friends of our youth. But our sojourn there must be of short duration, only a few days until we turn to our parents and ask for their blessing as we depart from their roof to enter upon the course of life, the different vocations to which we feel that

God has called us, and for which our college days have been the preparation.

Before leaving our College there is one thing yet for us to do, one word yet that we must say, that little word good bye, a word that means so much when we know it signifies a separation from those whom we have learned to love, from you, Reverend Professors, who have taken such a fatherly interest in our advancement, who have shown us by every act of yours, by every word you spoke, whether of admonition or instruction, that you had our interests close to your hearts; from you, fellow students, who have so long shared our labors and our triumphs, our joys and our

sorrows; and, classmates, we know it also means that we ourselves are now about to separate; if there is one thing more than another for which we should thank God in this our hour of parting, it is for the peace and unity that has existed in our class during the years of our collegiate course. Though we may speak the conventional good bye, yet we are conscious of a feeling in our inmost hearts that it fails to convey a feeling of love for our Alma Mater and every one connected with it.

Reluctantly the class of '96 says farewell, farewell to dear St. Joseph's, good bye to you our college friends.

JOHN F. COGAN.



A GLIMPSE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

HE importance of the study of literature can scarcely be overvalued for its object, according to a certain writer, is to become familiarized with the intellectual and emotional experiences of our race, to be led through the spiritual vicissitudes of our ancestors, to the end that, coming gradually to know how men in the past have felt and thought in the crises of life, we may become acquainted with our own soul, and understand our kinship with humanity. In truth, the study of literature is a precious and an interesting study.

The influence exercised by literature over the long course of historical events is so vast that, to define it precisely within the scope of an article would be an utter impossibility, since literature is like an immense chain linking together, as it were, the mystic past and the present. As in many ways, so also and especially with regard to literature must we acknowledge

our indebtedness to past ages, for, it is an incontestable fact that the influence of the literature of earlier nations penetrates that of later ones. How greatly are we indebted to the Greek of old! "The world," says Cardinal Newman, "was to have certain intellectual teachers, and no others; Homer and Aristotle with the poets and philosophers that circle around them were to be the school-masters of all generations."

Indeed, Homer's influence did not cease with his own generation; it reaches down to this our glorious nineteenth century, and will continue to be felt by generations to come.

The Romans admiring the sublime and exquisite literary productions of the Greeks, were induced to imitate the latter; thus Homer became the master of the author of the *Aeneid*; but the greatest of Italian poets, Dante, received many of his inspirations from the Roman bard, and in our own language the author of *Paradise*

Lost found in the three, rich resources for that greatest epic of modern times. Thus we see that modern literature bears the impress of the literature of antiquity. Among some people, their literature is almost coeval with their history; but among others literature did not appear until many years of their history had rolled on into the irrevocable past.

During the long period that elapsed from the discovery of America to the commencement of the seventeenth century, scarcely a vestige of literature is traceable. This is, however self-evident. In a new country material progress necessarily precedes that which is intellectual. The immigrants in quest of a home are daily engaged in converting the wilderness into a suitable habitation. The hostile aborigines—for such they usually are—must be subdued and civilized; weapons of war must be used before the pen can be wielded. Such pursuits engross the time and attention of the settlers, hence no time can be allotted to the cultivation of polite literature.

Such was precisely the case in our country. The few works that appeared during the Colonial era were mostly translations and “the verses were not always so smooth and elegant as some might desire and expect.” No original work of superior excellence appeared previous to the War of Independence. Progress in literature was further greatly impeded by the Puritans who, in their rigid fanaticism in England as well as in the New World, were noted for the narrowness of their ideas and for their utter aversion for amusement and gayety. “They despised literature and the arts as useless, if not tending to debase manners and create a false polish.”

Not until during the time of the Revolution do we meet with works that constitute a prominent portion of the literature

of America. This seems rather paradoxical, since war in general is not favorable to literature; but patriotism stimulated the great minds to vigorous action, so that the pen became almost as mighty a factor in the achievement of our independence as the sword. Who can give an estimate of the vast influence wielded by the writings of those true patriots who fought so bravely for national freedom? Presidents and statesmen make up the literary galaxy. The condition of affairs aroused the eloquence of an Otis, of a Rutledge, of an Adams, and of a Patrick Henry. Those famous essays published in the ‘Federalist,’ the letters and the farewell address of the Father of our Country are valuable contributions to our literature. There were also a number of writers at the time, who brought about by their wit, humor, and political satire, both in prose and verse, what others have accomplished by more serious productions.

As soon as the dismal cloud of war was dispelled and the bright sun of independence and public tranquillity appeared and smiled upon this fair land of ours, the rise in national power was so rapid that the progress made within a century is unparalleled in the annals of history. Literature also gradually developed so extensively as to embrace all forms under which it generally appears. Viewing with our intellectual eye the sky of American literature we behold many sparkling stars; in the vast realm of English letters not a few writers wearing the insignia of genius have held sacred the star-spangled-banner as the exponent of freedom of their native country. True, America cannot boast any great epic-writer, nor dramatist; there was but one Shakespeare, and but one Milton, and since they passed away, their places have remained unfilled. In all the principal classes of literature however we have

most eminent names, names which we cannot pronounce without a certain feeling of awe, of respect, and of gratitude.

In Bancroft, Prescott, Irving, and Parkman we have celebrated historians; as essayists Emerson and Lowell hold the most prominent places; among review-writers Orestes A. Brownson is perhaps the most conspicuous. The grand triumvirate of eloquence, composed of Webster, Calhoun, and Clay, elicits our admiration; in fiction Cooper and Hawthorne stand at the head of our novelists. America has produced poets lofty in inspiration, poets that have expressed noble thoughts in noble language and who were noted as well for their poetry as for their profound learning. There is Longfellow, the poet of the people, "who has laid at our feet a life-labor, his translation of the unseen world of Dante and the choice collection of the poets and poetry of Europe;" again, Bryant, who has brought to us "the treasures of Homer's Greek thought, wrapped in the richness of elegant English verse, and his Library of Poetry and Song."

A certain writer says: "We may expect that the more general and intense eagerness after knowledge, which is felt in all classes of society, must produce still greater results than those already achieved, unless we suffer two great evils to predominate, a growing spirit of infidelity, and a morbid appetite for the sensational novel. The latter seems to have already gained considerable ground. That the novel is the most popular form of our present literature is evinced by the almost unbounded sway it enjoys at the close of the nineteenth century.

As truly great men are few in any procession so truly great novelists are rare. There are, no doubt, good novels which

will insure immortality for their authors; but the majority of novels of our own day, unlike that inimitable domestic novel "The Vicar of Wakefield" are not destined to survive, and they will find no place in our classic literature. That but few truly great works are produced is owing to the fact that the utilitarian and commercial spirit of most American writers preponderates, which, undoubtedly affects the quality and dignity of our literature; furthermore it is owing to the haste of the writers themselves, to the desire for the rapid accumulation of wealth; again if a writer wishes to gain great popularity he must cater to the taste of the public, who seek rather amusement than instruction in reading, for whom the essay is too didactic, poetry rather *monotonous* and not adequate to express the complex life of the present era; but for whom the novel is as endearing as the most intimate friend, because it reflects society.

We have, I might say, positive evidence that in the future as has been the case within the last decades, fiction must needs compose the greater portion of our literature. Johnson's saying that "everything has its day" has been verified, for poetry, the drama, the essay, each has had its day. But the attention that is being given both by Catholics as well as by non-Catholics in our educational institutions to the study of literature will certainly not fail to enkindle in the youthful mind a love for real literature, and awaken the muse of another Longfellow, produce another Irving. Our sanguine expectations may be that young America will bring forth scholars, and men of letters, whose merits will be extolled by future generations both at home and abroad.

NICHOLAS H. GREIVE



OUR IDEALS.

HERE is a paramount significance in your assembling here this evening to enhance the occasion of our Commencement Years of college life announce their close in these festivities. Yes, years laden with the sweetest memories—years of pleasure—years of tender and lasting associations, years that have engrafted themselves upon our minds. Ah the refreshing recollections that well up at this time! They entwine themselves about us and we fain would rest in their embrace. But we must sever their tendrils and march along to assume the duties and joys of life.

Youth is prone to peer into the future. It delights to build hopes upon and to travel into the boundless realms of imagination, there to picture realities. In our youth imagination is vivid and fertile, whereas, in maturer years a tendency to dwell upon realities and facts gains the ascendancy. Youth often lingers in that pleasant state of mind, in which fancy takes the helm and the soul drifts passionately along with the rapid and confused tide of reflections, until graver thought exerts itself to encounter, systematize, or examine them. It is free and untrammelled; the cases and responsibilities of life rest with no significance upon it. Life is a panorama studded with ravishing beauties; it teems with courtesy and affability, and its avocations are sources of unmitigated joy. The obstacles that have been insuperable to others, and impeded their progress are lost sight of in this fantasy. Failures that have dwarfed their aspirations are unimportant, and the difficulties of the *role* which these youthful optimists are destined to act in life have been extracted. They imagine the thorns have been pruned away, and their mission is to pluck the flowers. As a result serious ambition is not generated.

They have no desire to open a new avenue to success, but are content to tread in the paths over which many have preceded them. They are favored in being relegated to the rear where they may pursue a course well-beaten by the van. They are oblivious of the fact that the tedium of leading this life procession bears a reward. This view is not certainly applicable to youth in general but it is representative. We must possess a great store of optimism as coming into contact with life decreases the amount.

Though the "thoughts of youth are long long thoughts" as Longfellow observes, yet from these indefinite musings is born the ideal which with magnetic force draws its moulder to itself. Hence if from them is constructed a purpose, they must not be accounted absurd. They betray our tendencies and in time become facts and formative influences; in our youthful years preferences and ideals are conceived. They are modified by experience, but, not changed entirely. The essence remains for "the child shows the man as morning shows the day." In youth we sketch and in later years add the color and expression; we select the shell, and afterwards draw out the pearl which is imprisoned in opportunities of which every man is the recipient.

An ideal is necessary. Why is it that so many lives are still in the rough when maturity has been reached and when a resume should present an array of brilliant deeds? Thirty, forty or fifty years have posted themselves in oblivion and their destiny is still unattained. It may seem paradoxical when success seems to reward every effort, to assert that a successful life is similar to a lone column rearing itself amid ruin and destruction. Instead of al-

acuity which betokens love of duty the unfortunate who has lagged behind accomplishes the necessary in a droll cynical manner; duty provokes a sigh; the laughter and gay-heartedness of life taunt him; affections are naught and for him the milk of human kindness has been turned into gall. This is not an isolated instance and why? In youthful years no ambition was aroused by selecting or forming an ideal. The time of fruition sped by, never to dawn upon him again.

Every walk in life has been enriched by the genius of worthy men which has been expended to obviate its difficulties. The avocations of life are various, and consequently the ideals which men propose to themselves are different. But ideals bear relation; the fundamental parts are identical; they must be builded upon pedestals of probity and virtue. They may diverge in minor points, and this can be attributed to the fact that we are endowed with personality and talents wherein we all differ.

Besides the minor points of difference that distinguish the pursuits of life, there are other influences that induce us to yield in this or that direction. There is the spirit of the age. The individual spirit of the majority form it. If the good possess the numerical prestige it will be correct; if not the spirit of the age will represent the depraved tendencies of those who formed it. This plies an influence upon the ambition and aspirations of youth. It is vain and foolish to expect virtue and honor to be the characteristics of the rising generation, if virtue and honor are not rendered attractive. Difficulties of this nature and a variety of circumstances tend to shatter the ideal, but over all these we have the mastery; and if our downfall is accomplished, it is self-willed. Difficulties must be regarded in the light of stepping stones to higher things; as under every stone

there is moisture, so under every difficulty lies the germ of success.

In all our undertakings our purpose should be pure and disinterested. Some attain distinction as artisans etc. Time out of mind, strength and courage have been the theme of bard and romance and from the story of Troy down to our own day, poetry has chosen a soldier for a hero. Naturally some prefer the profession of arms, and have their ideal warrior; but if they incline to that occupation for the glare and splendor which at times attends it, they fail to understand their ideal if he has not stepped from the dignity of his profession by currying to the applause of the world. If aspirants covet the various eminence and be not moved by a desire to restore peace and amity to the countries or factions harried by war their ideal is improper.

But, after all, circumstances play an important part, even if they are not decisive. In all lives, the highest and the humblest, there is a crisis and with it circumstances are closely identified. It comes from many causes and from some which on the surface are apparently trivial. It may be a man, a book, a speech, a sermon, a misfortune, or, a sudden burst of prosperity. But the result is the same—a sudden revelation to ourselves of our secret purposes and a recognition of our, perhaps long shadowed, but now masterful convictions. The immortal bard says:

“There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.
Omitted, all the voyage of their lives
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat
And we must take the current when it
serves.”

At that important juncture we are in possession of faculties and powers to accept its offering, if we have not “basely given

out." The laggard who has perverted his powers to ignoble purposes, whose existence has been productive of nothing will not rise equal to the occasion. Instead of the noonday sun which should illumine his way there appears but a faint glimmer of light which announces that the grand opportunity of life has been missed.

Still there are so many failures among men whose boyhood augured well. They are educated, but defective in some particular. The labor which is required for the realization of their ideal is supplanted by hope, and here the saying of quaint old Carlyle is peculiarly applicable that hope is a deceit. Often the success of an effort is set down as a criterion to judge of the success of a whole life, and it is rashly concluded that it secures immunity from future failure. Too much hope leads into a lamentable plight. When we come to understand that life is one succession of facts and not a vain fleeting illusion which our fermented imagination often induces us to believe, then, we may hope to bring the real in consonance with our ideal.

An ideal is symbolized in mottoes. The salient points of his ideal who holds this subservient to the one that is to come, who recognizes in his fellow creatures the image of his Creator and who believes that to educate and cultivate his endowments is to render himself more and more worthy of the high plane in creation to which he has been assigned, *should be Religion, Morality and Science*, the motto of the class of '96.

They are the glorious principles that give to our destiny a meaning and to our actions an end. Religion teaches man from whence he came and his destination. The

precepts of Morality render his associations conformable to his dignity and curb his evil tendencies. Science, or the acquisition of knowledge impress upon him that he must not squander the time and advantages placed at his disposal, but that he must render them productive. This prime symbol to be effective is inseparable. Science, or culture, will enable one to fight a warfare in life whose benefits would redound entirely to himself. He must acquire wealth, attain distinction, and receive the plaudits of his fellow-men. These are mere personal triumphs and his life might be accounted a calamity rather than a benefit to the human race. It was selfish and sordid; he fails to become the noblest work of God. The Christian man who endeavors to the best of his ability to cultivate himself presents in his life beauty, harmony and symmetry which render him the highest type of manhood and the crowning glory of creation. Knowledge alone does not suffice; it must be blended and wrought with religion and morality.

To-night as our bark puts out to sea, let us freight it wisely. Let us lead a life in conformity with our ideal—an ideal of our own selection and perfected in years which now emerge from our control. Let our lives be permeated by "the good, the true, the pure the just," for "there is no greater felicity than to be able to look back upon a life usefully and virtuously employed—to trace our own progress in existence by such tokens as excite neither shame nor sorrow." Then the ideal of life will be reality, and their distinctions will be obliterated in the attainment.

T. M. CONROY.



the paper is, as our readers are already acquainted with it. All that we can say is that we have done our best, and if the *Collegian* is not what it should be or what it might reasonably be expected, we must confess that it is ourselves our lack of previous experience in journalism of any kind, in other words, our undertaking a task beyond our abilities, that is to blame.

We realize that experience is a great teacher and now see many ways in which the *Collegian* has improved from month to month is apparent and it is but natural for us to appreciate the many assurances of good will and words of encouragement extended by our friends. We take this opportunity of thanking all those who have assisted us in our work. First of all the students not on the staff who have contributed many valuable articles to our columns; to the members of the faculty who have assisted us by judicious criticism, especially to Father Maximilian, Spiritual director and censor of the Columbian Literary Society. It is but meet that we give to Mr. Geo. E. Marshall, of Rensselaer, Ind. who has printed the *Collegian* since January of this year, due credit for his tasty work which has contributed greatly to the present appearance of our paper. We hope that the pleasant relations that have existed between ourselves and the printer may continue when the new editorial staff enters upon its work. In regard to the *personnel* of the new staff, all we can say at present is that the selections will be made by the faculty at the beginning of the next scholastic year, from

among those students that have shown the greatest aptitude for editorial work, and from the younger members of the present staff whose experience especially qualifies them for the more important positions.

Our readers know that the *Collegian* is preeminently a college journal, not devoted to the particular interests of any class, course, or organization, but intended for all alike. It is a college paper and has for its object the promotion of the interests of St. Joseph's College and every class and organization connected with it. We are confident that it will continue its present policy under future management.

We hope we may be pardoned if we say a few parting words in regard to ourselves. Since the establishment of the *Collegian* we have worked unceasingly in its interests, often apparently to the detriment of our class work, but nevertheless we clung to the *Collegian*, finding the work a labor of love, and now looking back over the last two years we have no regrets for the hours we spent in preparing and revising matter for its columns, and we believe that when everything is considered we have been benefitted in many ways and that we are now just as proficient in the regular branches of the course as if we had given our undivided attention to class work. *Varietas delectat.*

That the editors of the future may find their task as agreeable and pleasant as ours has been and that the *Collegian* may continue to improve under their direction is the earnest hope of the staff of '96.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.



ST. JOSEPH'S FIRST COMMENCEMENT.

The first commencement is over at last and St. Joseph's has reason to rejoice at the complete success that marked the every feature of the celebration. Taken as a whole it would be difficult to say in what regard better results could have been attained.

The class of '96 and the undergraduates had labored hard with the Faculty to make it worthy of the occasion when—to use the expressive metaphor of the preacher of the Baccalaureate sermon—the College "put off the trappings of youth to assume the honors and dignity of motherhood;" but even the best returns that could be expected from their work of preparation were for once more than realized. Nature, too, seemed to hold us in special favor as she has done so often this year, for the weather was truly ideal—bright sunshiny days, with just enough breeze stirring over the grounds and through the corridors to counteract the heat of the atmosphere.

The surroundings were never more attractive. The grounds, newly sodded and carefully mown, had grown to be a thing of beauty; from the island a little fountain shot its waters up and out into the lake; the walks under the trees were not less inviting than of yore, and the main building itself appeared to have caught new attractions from its environments; indeed it would seem that everything had suddenly grown animated with new life and beauty to show at once the charms of St. Joseph's to its many visitors and to the departing class, the fullness of the joys and comforts of the home they are about to lose.

On the inside, all the appointments were in fit keeping with those of the exterior. There was not the display of flags and

bunting that has characterized former celebrations, but the work of preparing for our guests had been well done. The class rooms had been cleared of benches and after a coat or two of paint and a general brightening up, converted into sleeping apartments for the visiting clergy; the chapel was a pretty sight of flowers and festoons; while the north study hall, its desks supplanted by sofas and rocking chairs, the walls adorned with oil paintings and the distances between the pillars relieved by little tables of potted plants, formed a large and attractive reception room for our friends from abroad. It was here that all the levees were held, the welcomes extended and the farewells and shaking of hands, never before so full of significance, made for the last time.

The exercises were formally opened on Monday afternoon by the time-honored custom of "going to meet the bishop." The College Battalion and the Band gathered in the armory at three o'clock and under the command of Aide de Camp Eberle marched down the road to the willows where the line of hacks was met and escorted to the main entrance. Here the boys in blue were drawn up at a right and left face, forming an avenue through which the bishop and the attendant priests walked to the stone steps where they were received by the acting Rector, Father Benedict, and members of the Faculty.

Next in order came the much talked of play, Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," given in the Auditorium by the undergraduates in honor of the class of '96. Promptly at eight P.M. Prof. Hemmersbach stepped before the Band and the select audience, comprising besides his Lord-

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ship, the clergy, and the friends and relatives of the students, many invited guests from Rensselaer, were soon enjoying Heincke's masterly "Selection from Gunod's Faust." The music over, the curtain rose and the play was presented with the following

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Shylock.....	Mr. A. C. Riester
Duke of Venice.....	Law. A. Eberle
Antonio.....	Edw. Vogel
Bassanio.....	Wm. D. Sullivan
Salanio.....	Victor Scharf
Salarino.....	Albin. Missler
Gratiano.....	Edw. J. Mungovan
Lorenzo.....	Gerard Hartjens
Tubal.....	E. Walters
Launcelot Gobbo.....	Jas. F. Connelly
Old Gobbo.....	Vincent F. Muinch
Gaoler.....	Leonard Baker
Leonardo.....	T. Travis
Portia.....	Ign. Zircher
Nerissa.....	Felix Seroczynski

It was the first attempt ever made at the College to produce anything of Shakespeare's; so it need not be wondered that the play was followed with keen interest, not unmixed with fear over the thought of the unfortunate outcome of the military day entertainment. But there was no cause for fear; the boys were clearly upon their mettle and played with an earnestness and determination that evoked frequent and hearty applause and no end of compliments from the critics. (It is not the intention of the Collegian man to go into details; however, he refers his readers to the able comment on the subject to be found in another department of the paper.) A second piece of band music, one of De-Koven's selections from Robin Hood, closed the evening's program.

Tuesday was opened with great solemnities, Pontifical High Mass (the first ever celebrated here) followed by the ad-

ministration of the Sacrament of Confirmation and the preaching of the Baccalaureate sermon. The Rt. Rev. Bishop was assisted by the Rev. M. Byrne and the Rev. John Quinlin, respectively, deacon and sub-deacon of the mass; the Rev. Thos. Eisenring C. PP. S., master of ceremonies, the Rev. A. M. Oechtering, assistant priest and the Revs. H. M. Plaster and Chas. Romer, deacons of honor.

Immediately after Mass the Bishop assumed the mitre and cope, and five students of the College and seven from the Indian school across the way received the imposition of hands and anointing with chrism that made them firm in their Faith as soldiers and followers of Christ. A few words of exhortation and admonition to the newly confirmed and his Lordship gave way to the preacher of the Baccalaureate, The Rev. J. F. Delaney, pastor of St. Patrick's church, Ft. Wayne.

Father Delaney's sermon was truly a masterly effort. From the moment he commenced speaking it was plain that he had gained the sympathy of his hearers. His manner of delivery was unaffected and pleasing and his articulation so perfect that not a word was lost. There was a logical sequence to the subject, "True Education," that could not fail to carry conviction with it; and in our inability to do it anything like justice here, we have determined to reserve all comment until our next issue when our readers will have the pleasure of finding it printed in full and of judging its merits for themselves.

It was half-past ten before the services were concluded and from that time until the bell sounded the call to the sumptuous dinner served in the refectories, the halls and corridors were alive with groups of happy-faced students and visitors, merrily engaged in conversation. The afternoon was passed in much the same way. The

At the College

bowling alleys were the center of attraction to many, and some remarkable records were made; but they were all forgotten when the band made its appearance in the grove at four o'clock and for two hours discoursed sweet music to the assembled crowds.

The final program, the graduating exercises proper, commenced at half-past seven. After the opening number by the orchestra, an overture "Dramatic" by Ferazzani, Father Benedict stepped to the front of the stage, and after a few introductory remarks read the following cablegram received during the course of the day:

Rome Wednesday, June 16.
Greetings to all, especially to the graduates. Am with you in spirit.

FATHER AUGUSTINE.

When the applause had subsided Mr. John C. Wakefer arose from the circle of young men in black and delivered the Salutatory. Mr. Jas. Betsner was next and in his comprehensive Class History succeeded in giving the audience a good idea of the principal events in the lives of the members of '96. The Latin Address by Mr. Jos. R. Wechter was a worthy effort and reflected credit upon the speaker, though it is to be doubted whether the delivery brought out the merits of the piece to the full extent. The next number was a vocal solo by Mr. Edw. J. Mungovan—class of '97—who sang the "Seven Ages of Man" in a manner that called forth rounds of applause and brought him to the foot-lights for a second time. The Class Essay, "A Glimpse of American Literature" by Mr. Nicholas Greive, showed much study and reflection and could not but have awakened a thought as to our future in the World of Letters; while the Greek discourse by Mr. Christian Daniel also received favorable comment from those who were able to judge. To Mr. Jos. Abel fell the German Address, and he

acquitted himself admirably of the task, his oration being admittedly one of the best of the evening. Following Mr. Abel's came the Class Oration "Our Ideals" by Mr. T. M. Conroy. Mr. Conroy's was the same graceful and well rounded oration that his former ones have ever been, and was well in keeping with the loftiness of his theme. The honors were done in French to Mr. Bartholomew Besinger. The orchestra now succeeded with a "Medley Overture" by B. Beyer, after which the final numbers were given, the Class Poem by Mr. Jas. B. Fitzpatrick, and the Valedictory by Mr. John F. Cogan. Both gentlemen proved themselves well worthy of the distinctions conferred upon them. Mr. Fitzpatrick's sonnets were equal to any of his former poems—which is saying a great deal—and were well read besides; while the Valedictory was received in a spirit that clearly showed how Mr. Cogan's words were taken by those to whom they were addressed.

At the close of the program Bishop Rademacher arose and ascended the stage to distribute the awards. Messrs. Cogan, Fitzpatrick, Conroy, Abel, Daniel and Greive having completed the full course and passed the rigid examinations received diplomas that made them Masters of Art; Mr. Edw. Koenig was awarded a commercial diploma, and Messrs. Betsner, Wechter, Wagner, Besinger and Wakefer appropriate testimonials, and certificates of recommendation to their respective seminaries. Souvenirs were then given to those who had especially distinguished themselves during the year and the exercises closed with the episcopal benediction. Most of the students left for home on the night train, except the graduates who remained till Wednesday noon to complete the organization of the Alumni association and partake of a banquet tendered them

by the Faculty. Then came the last good-byes, the final partings and the school days of the Class of '96 at St. Joseph's were a fact of the past.

W.M. D. SULLIVAN.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Before the classical students of the first graduating class took leave of their beloved Alma Mater and one another, they assembled for the purpose of organizing an Alumni Association.

By means of this association they are kept in communication with the College and with one another, the object being to strengthen and cherish the love of the graduates for their Alma Mater; if possible, the Alumni shall meet annually at St. Joseph's College.

At the meeting a constitution was drawn up according to which the association is to be governed, and officers were elected for the coming year.

The election resulted as follows:

Pres.....Jas. B. Fitzpatrick.
First Vice Pres.....Ch. F. Daniel.
Second Vice Pres.....Thos. M. Conroy.
Secretary.....N. H. Greive.

Board of Directors consists of president, first and second vice presidents, and two members of the association.

The two members elected to the officers are Jos. Abel and B. F. Besinger.

St. Boniface's Day.

The St. Boniface German Literary Society celebrated its patron's feast, St. Boniface's day, by giving a picnic in a beautiful grove on the banks of the Iroquois. As this was the first time that an out door festival, participated in by all the professors and students, was ever given at the College, the event was looked forward to with unusual interest. At 5:30 A. M. High Mass was sung by Father

Maximilian at which all the students assisted. Immediately after Mass, Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament was given.

Formation of the parade took place at 8:30 A. M. to the grove, there to enjoy the sylvan feast. The parade was headed by the "St. Boniface Day Orators." On arriving at the grounds a brief address of welcome was given by Mr. Ed. Vogel, President of St. B. G. L. S.

After this the boys indulged in swinging, throwing horse-shoes, and boating, but by far the largest crowd was attracted by the "Nigger Babies," where many threw a long time before they won a prize. Another very amusing feature of the forenoon was the serenade given by the "Drum Corps." A sumptuous dinner was served at 1 P. M., to which, it is needless to say, all did ample justice. At 3 P. M. the bugle call was sounded to assemble for the sporting exercises, which had been arranged by the committee. The following is a list of the races that then took place together with the names of the winners of the first prizes in each:

Hurdle Race,	B. Besinger.
Potatoe Race,	F. Seroczynski.
Hop, Step and Jump,	B. Besinger.
Minims 50 yd. Dash,	G. Dorval.
75 yd. Dash,	B. Besinger.
Putting the Shot,	A. Riester.
Sack Race,	G. Dorval.
Threelegged Race,	S. Kuhnminch and I. Rapp.	

The first prizes consisted of books and useful articles that will serve as mementoes. The next and principal attraction of the day was the appearance of the "Bear." The trainer must be commended for his singing, the refrain of his song is on the lips of every student since, thus amply testifying its popularity. Supper was spread at 5 P. M. at which several students responded to toasts in an eloquent and witty manner, Mr. Weyman, President of the Columbian Literary Society, acted as toastmaster. Shortly after supper

the students directed their steps towards the beautiful rostrum that had been erected under the spreading boughs of oak trees, there to give their attention to the literary part of the day's exercises. Father Paulinus was the first to appear and in his address he briefly gave the signification of the German colors that were pinned on every coat lapel. Father Paulinus' address was followed by a well selected program consisting of humorous recitations, songs, reading of the papers prepared for the occasion and band music.

All the participants deserve the greatest praise. The society may well congratulate itself upon the grand success of the day. Thanks are especially due to the committees for their pains-taking and unselfish labors and excellent arrangements, to which may be attributed the success. The committee on refreshments consisted of Messrs. Vogel, Koch, Riester; Mungovan, Steinbrunner, Sullivan and Frey.

On amusements: Fitzpatrick, Eberle and Roth.

The band is also deserving of the society's thanks for the many excellent selections given during the day.

A. A. Roth '99.

MILITARY NOTES.

The competitive drills to decide the standing of the individual members of the battalion took place on the afternoons of June 8th and 9th. The following made 90 per cent or over:

Co. A.

E. Byrne 97	T. McLaughlin 95 $\frac{1}{3}$
A. Riester 96 $\frac{1}{2}$	C. Frey 95-6
H. Reichert 95 5-6	R. Peelle 94
A. Roth 95 5-6	G. Dorval 93 $\frac{1}{2}$
C. Klaas 95 2-5	F. Diefenbach 93 $\frac{1}{2}$
J. Steinbrunner 95 $\frac{1}{3}$	H. Dorval 92 $\frac{2}{3}$
J. Boeke 95 1-6	R. Murphy 92 1-6
J. Wakefer 95	E. Schweitzer 91 $\frac{1}{3}$

Co. B

F. Horst 94 $\frac{1}{2}$	C. Vanvlandren 90 $\frac{2}{3}$
E. Vogel 94 $\frac{1}{2}$	H. Kavalage 90 $\frac{2}{3}$
F. Schulien 94 1-6	W. Laibe 90 $\frac{1}{2}$
G. Aug 94	J. Dwenger 90 1-6
L. Fralich 91 5-6	Major Cogan, Adj. Conroy and Aide de Camp Eberle acted as judges.
J. McNeil 91 1-6	

REVIEWS.

Messrs. Benziger Brothers have just published three handsome little devotional books that will prove very timely manuals to pastors and parents to put into the hands of children as well as grown persons.

The Boys' and Girls' Mission Book contains besides the ordinary and special devotions of a Christian soul a new and praiseworthy feature in a prayer book. It is a brief treatise of practical truths, called Short Catechism. The price of this valuable and neat little manual ranges from \$0.35 to \$1.30.

The fact that the *Guide for Confession and Communion* is from that gifted and affable saint Francis De Sales is sufficient to commend it to all. This prayer book is especially desirable for the many practical and wholesome instructions it contains for confession.

The *Little Manual of St. Anthony* will be hailed with joy by all devotees of the great and powerful saint, as it contains a novena and the choicest prayers to St. Anthony. The many beautiful illustrations that adorn the pages of this book are apt to incite piety and devotion.

EXCHANGES.

St. Mary's Chimes has always been accounted in our estimation the possessor of excellent poetical compositions. Not only the Argosies of song are laden with a Par-

nassian feeling, but the prose has a charm and vividness that we would not seek outside the realm of poetry. Among the delightful essays, to that appearing in the June number on birds from the pen of one whose identity has been hidden under the pseudonym of "Berys," the above remark is applicable. The subject is treated in an easy manner and no traces of strain or pedantry are evident. The description of the winged creatures, as they "flit about on ceaseless wing," rendering the woods vocal with their carols and chirpings, is excellent. A review of "Winter Sunshine" exposes its most salient points in an entertaining manner. "June among the poets" is in consonance with the remainder of the compositions that so aptly are in touch with the gay and sprightly season.

"Flowers in Tennyson" in the *Salve Regina* ably depicts the beautiful conceptions the poet has drawn from flowers. "To ride or not to ride a wheel" is the question considered under the caption of "hobbies and fads." After recounting a few prominent peculiarities, the bicycle and its fitness for women is singled out for a special mention. "Evangeline's true story" is concluded in the present issue. The different installments breathed an entertaining and instructive spirit.

We will not diverge from the time honored custom of speaking a farewell, although "the writing of exchanges" may be regarded in the light of a mere mechanical performance. There is a tinge of personality about it nevertheless, and in relinquishing our post we feel as if severing delightful connections. To all our exchanges we bid a farewell and sincerely hope that the cordial relations existing during the past may be continued in the future.

The following were received: *The Mountaineer*, *The Dial*, *The Abbey Student*, *St. Vincent's Journal*, *The Viatorian*, *St. Mary's Sentinel*, *Mt. St. Mary's Record*,

Boston Pilot, *The Stylus*, *The Purple*, *St. James School Journal*, *Young People*, *Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Fordham Monthly*, *The Month*, *Ave Maria*, *Catholic Universe* and *St. Vincent's Student*.

T. M. CONROY.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

At last we have witnessed the Merchant of Venice by the undergraduates who have proved their histrionic ability in its rendition. It was not as William originally wrote it, but an emended text—the lines for feminine characters being for the most part suppressed. True, much of the beauty and charm of the original was lost by the revision. The dramatic skill evinced in combining the casket and bond plot was not brought out as the former was omitted. Portia's character suffered correspondingly—her humorous nature shown in the lines:

"I hold thee and wager
When we are accoutred as young men,
I'll prove the prettier of the two, etc.

And which set off charmingly the divine rapture of eloquence with which she discourses to the Jew of mercy, is not brought properly to view. These omissions are covered by the necessity of having only male characters. The comedy in itself necessarily suffered by the revision, but those concerned in impersonating the characters were estimated by the lines they spoke and that they rose equal to the occasion is expressing it feebly indeed.

It was a success in every detail, and the unanimity of opinion expressed gains credence for the assertion that it eclipsed every former histrionic effort. The ease and grace which characterized its deliverance gained commendation for the endeavors of its promoter. The embarrassment which

marked the previous plays in a few instances suffered no recurrence, owing to the determination of the participants to accomplish their utmost. The postures, gestures, and the facial expressions, were prominent for their excellence; while no flaw could be found in the articulation. The modulation of the voice might have risen to a higher degree of correctness in one or two instances.

Portia does not occupy so significant a position in the revised text as in the original, and consequently Mr. Zircher, who impersonated the character, was rather confined to the exercise of his ability in the portrayal of delicate *roles*. He figured conspicuously in the trial scene, and the remarkable evenness of the blank verse which expresses the thought of the line beginning,

"The quality of mercy is not strained"
was brought into prominence by his recital. His first appearance was made during this scene, and, as is usually the case he drew the attention; but he succeeded in obliterating his personality in the manner in which he pronounced his lines.

Mr. Riester in the role of Shylock brought to our memory the words,

"This was the Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

which Pope exclaimed over Macklin's performance. Barring a few imperfections as regards the tone of voice, criticism lacks foundation. His demeanor on the stage especially in demonstrating the fawning and cringing nature of the Jew received unstinted praise. Combined with this ability he represented clearly the subtlety of the Jew's malice and the energy of his revenge. The portrayal of those delicate traits of character that lie under the great passions of Shylock's heart was praiseworthy. Another point difficult of accomplishment was that he never allowed

the audience to forget that Shylock was a man, although concerned in a somewhat villainous part and exhibiting the savage purpose of the Jew.

Gratiano was impersonated by Ed. Mungovan. The merry peal of approval that marked the rendition of the line,
"O, upright judge! Mark Jew, a learned judge!"

when he was apprised of the fact that the Jew was to become discomfitted gained rounds of applause. The modulation, the perfect self possession, and the unfaltering manner in which he spoke was the feature of the evening.

Mr. Sullivan in the character of Bassanio had a difficult part, rendered more trying by the *revised* text. His modulation was at times faulty; but considering that his role comprised friendship for Antonio and scorn for Shylock these imperfections are insignificant. The nature of his manly utterances was in consonance with the inconsiderate but generous character of Bassanio.

Mr. Ed. Vogel portrayed Antonio whose noble nature and a tendency to yield to a passive melancholy; were well shown throughout the whole play. Especially in the trial scene, when Shylock was about to wreak his vengeance, he distinguished himself.

Mr. Connelly played Gobbo and when "Curley" fails to call forth laughter it must be attributed to something outside of inability. He extracted all the humor and wit that were in his role and as a result the risibilities of the audience were more than audible.

The remaining persons concerned in the production were well appointed and they ably sustained the more prominent characters.

T. M. CONROY.

PERSONALS.

Home, sweet home seems to remain forever the sweetest tones that reach the human ear. Accordingly two of our Rev. Professors, P. Raphael Schmaus, and P. Clemens Schuette decided to take a trip across the Atlantic once more to recall sweet recollections of the days of youth. They left us Thursday, the 11 inst. Their almost sudden disappearance greatly surprised many students who had hardly occasion to shake hands with their beloved professors. We wish them a happy journey and a delightful season during their stay in Germany. We hope to find them next September again in our midst.

Mr. Southers and daughter Marie are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Maloy of Rensselaer at present. Mr. Southers is a stage manager and actor of rare ability and his popularity was attested here two years ago when he presented "Faust" to one of the largest audiences that ever witnessed a play in our city.

It affords us pleasure to say that Mr. Southers has already many warm friends at the College, but the young Thespians in particular are loud in their praises of his generosity for assisting them in their rehearsals of Shylock. The success of the drama was due in a large measure to his timely suggestions.

Prof. Carl Hemmersbach, our highly esteemed musical instructor, has set out for Europe to continue his studies at Old Vienna's famous conservatory. Mr. Hemmierbach is a good violinist, a master at the organ and an expert pianist. To his wide experience as a bandleader and great conducting power, the singular progress of the Military Band is mainly due. While "Professor" has won the esteem and love of every one at the College, students of the musical department are especially sorry to

lose their kind and pains-taking teacher. If Dame Music would not already hold such a powerful sway over a great number of students it might almost have to be feared that the enthusiasm for everything musical, which has lately been aroused in the students, might receive a serious check on account of his departure.

Prof. Hemmersbach takes with him the best wishes of all the Fathers and students of the College, who would be glad to accompany him to the grand and picturesque scenes along the Rhine and Danube and are confident, that success will attend his efforts for further accomplishments under the direction of Prof. Leschetizky, former teacher of Paderewski.

Our guests during commencement week were the Rt. Revs. Jos. Rademacher, and the Revs. J. F. Delaney, J. R. Quinlan, G. Schramm, and E. Koenig, Ft. Wayne; F. Wiechmann, Gas City; M. Byrne, Whiting; Chas. Lemper, Attica; M. Zumbuelte, Cedar Lake; P. J. Crossen, Crawfordsville; Chas. Romer, Delphi; A. Young, Garret; H. M. Plaster, Hammond; Chas. Ganser, Kentland; J. R. Dinnen, and J. H. Guendling, Lafayette; J. Bleckmann and E. J. Wrobel, Michigan City; A. B. Oechtering, Mishawaka; W. Schmidt, Muncie; N. Roskiewicz, Otis; J. B. Berg, Remington; Wm. Berg, Schererville; A. J. Kroeger, Tipton; C. V. Stetter D. D., Turkey Creek; J. Wanner, Chicago; P. Weber, Earl Park; J. Flach, Dyer; A. Zink, Tiffin; among the Fathers C. PP. S. the Very Rev. J. Wittmer and Revs. C. Vogelmann, Carthagena, O; Ed. Lohmueller, Philothea, O; T. Eisenring, Ft. Wayne; D. Schunk, Wanatali; W. Sliemers, Pulaski, O. Missler, Winamac.

Among the laity were Mr. and Mrs. J. Fitzpatrick and the Misses Fitzpatrick of Ft. Wayne; Mr. and Mrs. Stoltz of Huntington. Mr. Besinger, Mishawaka; Mrs. Wakefer, Crawfordsville; Mr. and Mrs. M. Fitzpatrick,

Sturgis, Mich.; Mr. Jas. Conroy, Jr, Ft. Wayne; Mr. John Mug, Lafayette; Mr. Ed. Laibe, Ottawa, O., Mr. J. Cogan and Miss Anne Cogan, Glynwood, O.

LOCALS.

About the middle of June the North Pole again shifted its position from Collegeville to Ft. Wayne, Ind.

31st of May. Muench to Herman: "What makes you read Karl May all on a sudden?" Herman: "Hm! I want to be up to date."

Germain promises, that before September every department within the college will be tastefully frescoed.

The religious students heartily enjoyed the free day following the commencement exercises. They wish to express their sincerest thanks to Father Benedict.

The vacation will last till September the ninth, when old students are expected to be back. New students must report for examination on the eighth.

Word was received from Father Rector that he would prolong his visit in Europe, spending two or three weeks more in England and Ireland. He will return to the College in July.

Felix's philosophy: "It is very improper to call the age of an octogenarian yet "Ante Meridiem." Ergo, our Old Boy at Glynwood has little claim to his title of A. M. If you can spare a few minutes, John, read the Collegian.

On the 17th of June, Rev. P. Paulinus had the pleasure to see for the first time forty-six Fathers, clustering around their beloved Bishop, drawn up before his camera. He also concentrated into his focus the figures of the Dramatis Personae in the Merchant of Venice.

Since the occupants of the north-side study-hall have said 'Farewell' to St. Joseph's, Gus-

tave shows remarkable symptoms of pride. Being questioned for the cause he replied: "Is it not sufficient reason for boasting to be the only Son of France in Collegeville?"

For Sale: Half a dozen well-worn suits, nine pair of shoes, a score of waists, and a 'Star and Crescent' uniform at Maurice Peele's three bottles of 'Hoffmann's Tropfen' against blues and other infirmities at Gabriel Cotter's; twenty-seven 'cut-throat' collars and several other necessaries at E. Vogel's.

The students of the south-side study-hall seem to be possessed of a "horse-shoe" craze since the last days. They are seen playing with great enthusiasm at hundred and one different stations. Sepp's Helicon, which was placed only ten or twelve feet from the aim, shows woeful consequences.

June, the 17, we bade farewell to Messrs. B. Didier, A. Seimetz, and L. Stahl. During the scholastic year they have been active in capacity of assistant professors and prefects. They have now wended their way home with an understanding of assembling again at the St. Charles Borromeo's Seminary, Carthagena, O., where they will pursue their studies, together with their other class-mates, who left the college in '95.

Many were the compliments bestowed upon the elegant invitation cards sent out by the Rev. Faculty and the first graduating class. The Faculty is also to be congratulated upon the superb and peerless diplomas gotten up for the graduates of both the commercial and the classic courses.

The annual catalogue will be ready for distribution about the first of July. It will contain half tone engravings of the members of the Faculty and the graduates, one of the college hall and one of the main building. S. Rosenthal and Co., of Cincinnati, who gave such entire satisfaction last year are again the publishers.

The class room examinations began on

Wednesday, the 9th of June. They are always very much desired because vacation is next on the program. For this reason, the students make a last gigantic effort, as Germain says, with enormous energy. But scarcely was the last class examined,—which was Saturday at 9:30 A. M.—when Homer, Virgil, Ray, and all of that sort were hied away and the "Rah for vacation" took their place.

Scarcely had the strains of the hymns in honor of the Queen of May been hushed, when the cherished devotion to our Lady was replaced by that to the Sacred Heart. It was attended every evening with special attention and devotion. On Sunday, the 14th of June, Father Mark roused the zeal of all his hearers by a very effective sermon on this devotion. It is hoped that his salutary admonitions will be faithfully carried into practice after the Alma Mater is exchanged for the circle of relations and friends.

The playing of the Band during the commencement days has elicited the enthusiastic praise of everyone attending. The spirited rendition of Sousa's Marches and other pieces of a like nature, and the correct interpretation of more difficult compositions evinced the proficiency and high standard of our band. Prof. C. Hemmersbach's conducting was especially much admired. Continue practice, boys, you cannot afford to lose the result of a whole year's training. The band is a "good thing," ergo, "push it along."

Honorary Mention for June.

J. Abel, G. Aug, J. Betsner, W. Brinkman, J. Boeke, E. Byrne, J. Cogan, T. Conroy, J. Connelly, P. Cosgrove, C. Class, F. Diefenbach, C. Didier, J. Dwenger, L. Eberle, J. Engesser, J. Fitzpatrick, C. Frey, W. Hordeman, B. Heckman, F. Horst, F. Hess, F. Koch, J. Kohne, H. Kavelage, F. Kuenle, W. Laibe, E. Mungovan, T. McLoughlin, H. Meighan, R. Peelle, A.

Reister, A. Roth, H. Reichert, W. Sullivan, F. Seroczynski, J. Steinbrunner, F. Schullien, J. Smith, T. Travers, E. Vogel, C. Vanvlandren, J. Wechter, J. Wakefer, A. Wagner, I. Zircher.

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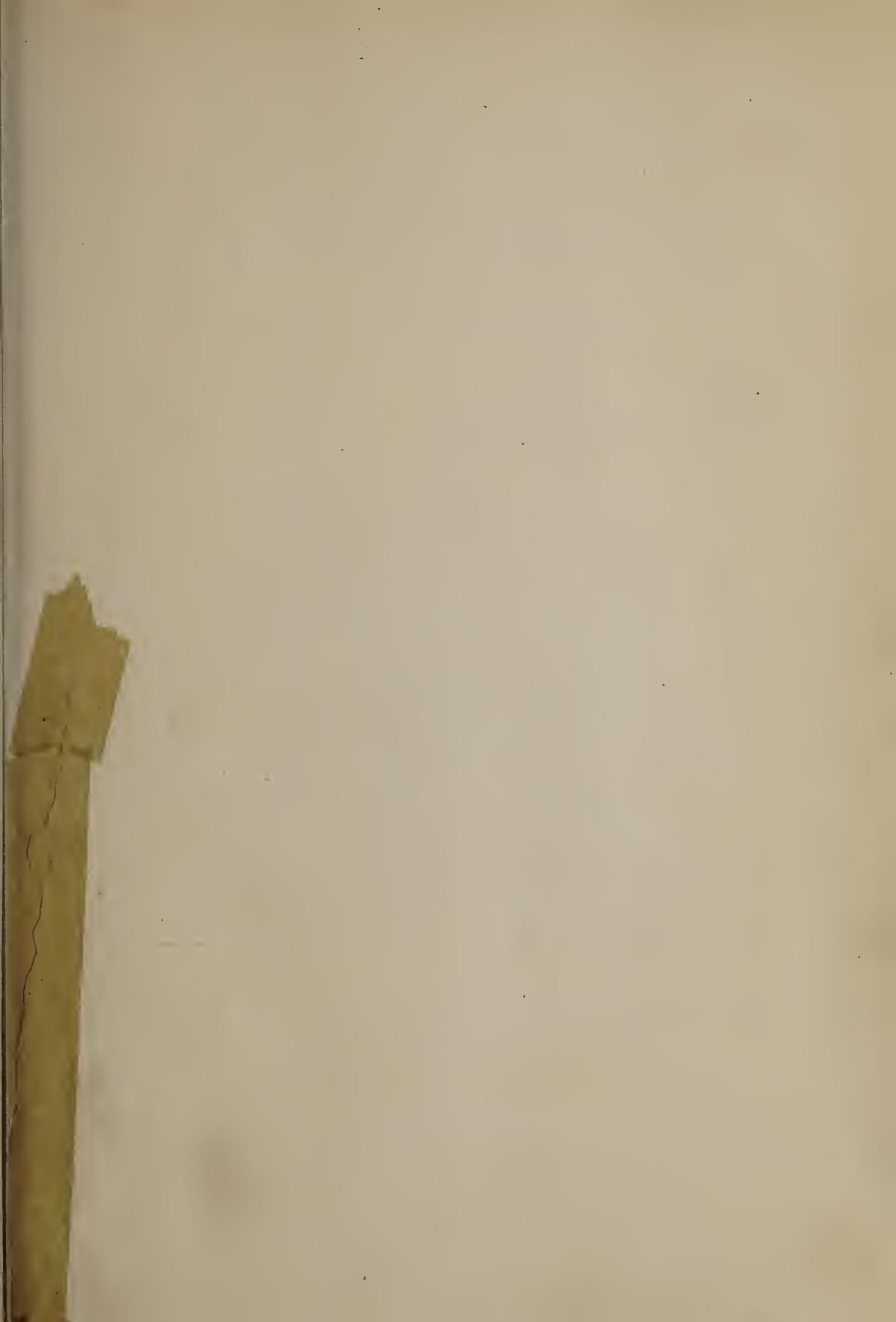
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